

Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH.

TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME XXX.

IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1896.

NUMBER 20.

Official Directory.

MEMBER OF CONGRESS:
HON. J. H. HANAY, Thirteenth District,
Piedmont, Mo.
U. S. LAND OFFICE—JAS. H. CLARK,
Register; MANN HINGO, Receiver—Iron-
ton, Mo.
JAMES G. GARY, Judge Twenty-First
Circuit, De Soto, Mo.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY IRON COUNTY COURTS:

Circuit Court is held on the
Fourth Monday in April and October.

County Court convenes on the
First Monday of March, June, September
and December.

Probate Court is held on the 2d
Monday in February, May, August and No-
vember.

OFFICERS:

W. T. GAY, Representative.
ROBERT J. HILL, Presiding Judge county
Court.
CHARLES HART, county Judge, South-
east District.
A. G. MOYER, county Judge, Western
District.

W. R. EDGAR, Prosecuting Attorney.
W. H. FISHER, Collector.
W. A. FLETCHER, county clerk.
ARTHUR HUFF, circuit clerk.
JOS. A. ZWART, Probate Judge.
P. W. WILSON, Assessor.
G. W. FARRAR, Sr., coroner.
J. L. HICKMAN, School commissioner.

CITY OFFICERS:

Mayor, W. R. Edgar.
Councilmen—J. L. Marshall,
City Attorney, R. F. Whigate,
City Clerk, Arthur Huff,
City Treasurer, Jos. A. Zwart,
Collector, W. H. Fisher.
City Councilmen—L. J. Giovannoli, J. N.
Bishop, G. A. Buckley, W. J. Seawab, Geo.
D. Marks and Henry Kendall.
Street Committee—Henry Kendall, J. N.
Bishop and L. J. Giovannoli.
Fire Committee—L. J. Giovannoli, Henry
Kendall and J. T. Baldwin.
Health Committee—G. D. Marks and M.
L. Claybaugh.

CHURCHES:

CATHOLIC CHURCH, Arcadia College
and Pilot Knob. L. J. WERNERT, Rector.
High Mass and Sacrament at Arcadia College
every Sunday at 8 o'clock A. M. Vespers and
Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 4
o'clock P. M. High Mass and Sacrament at
Benediction at Pilot Knob Catholic Church
at 10:30 o'clock A. M. Sunday School for
children at 1:30 o'clock P. M.

M. E. CHURCH, Cor. Reynolds and
Mountain Streets, Ironton. Rev. L. F.
Aspley, Pastor. Services every Sunday,
at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Prayer meeting
Wednesday evening, 7:30 o'clock. Sab-
bath School at 9:30 A. M. Ladies' Aid So-
ciety, Tuesday, 2 P. M. Juvenile Mission-
ary Society at Parsonage, Saturday, 2:30 P.
M. Choir Practice at Church, Friday, 7:30
P. M. All are cordially invited to attend
these services.

BAPTIST CHURCH, Madison street,
near Knob st., H. T. MORTON, D. D., Pastor.
Residence Ironton. Preaching on every
Saturday before the first Sunday of each
month at 2:30 P. M. and on the first and third
Sundays at 11 A. M. Sunday School every
Sunday at 9:30 A. M. and Prayer Meeting
every Tuesday evening at 7:30 P. M.

Presbyterian Church, cor. Reynolds
and Knob streets, Ironton. Services at 11 A.
M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 9:30 A.
M. Y. P. S. C. C., 6:30 P. M. Prayer Meet-
ing Wednesday, 2 P. M. G. H. DUTY, Pastor.

St. Paul's Church, Episcopal, Ironton.
Sunday School every Sunday, at 9:30 A. M.

LUTHERAN CHURCH, Pilot Knob.
Rev. OTTO PRAFF, Pastor.

M. E. CHURCH, Corner Shepherd
and Washington streets, Ironton. H. A.
HINLEY, pastor. Preaching every Sun-
day at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday
School at 9:30 A. M. and Select Reading at 4
P. M. Literary every Tuesday night at 8.

SOCIETIES:

IRONTON LODGE, No. 544, K.
of P., Ironton, Mo., meets every 2d
and 4th Friday evening of each month
at Odd-Fellows Hall.

R. B. HOLLOMAN, C. C.

ARTHUR HUFF, K. of R. & S.

IRON LODGE, No. 107, I. O. O. F.,
meets every Monday at its hall, corner Main
and Madison streets. JOHN MADIGAN, N. G.
CHAS. ARNOLDY, Secretary.

IRONTON ENCAMPMENT, No. 29, I.
O. O. F., meets on the first and third Thurs-
day evenings of every month in Odd-Fel-
lows' Hall, corner Main and Madison streets.
G. D. MARKS, C. P. J. T. BALDWIN, Scribe.

STAR OF THE WEST LODGE, No. 133,
A. F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall, corner
Main and Madison streets, on Saturday of
preceding full moon. W. R. EDGAR, W.
M. MANN HINGO, Secretary.

MIDIAN CHAPTER, No. 71, R. A.,
meets at the Masonic Hall on the first and
third Tuesdays of each month, at 7 P. M.
W. R. EDGAR, M. E. H. P. E. D. AKE, Sec-
retary.

VALLEY LODGE, No. 1870,
Knights of Honor, meets in
G. A. R. Hall on the 2d and 4th
Wednesdays of each month. W. W. HAY-
WOOD, D. R. E. PURKISS, Re-
porter.

EASTERN STAR LODGE, No. 62, A.
F. & A. M. (colored), meets on the second
Saturday of each month.

IRON POST, No. 346, G. A. R.,
meets on the 2d Saturday of each
month at 2 P. M.

J. B. HAMPTON, P. C.

JNO. ALBERT, Adjt.

IRONTON CAMP, No. 60, Sons of
Veterans, meets every 1st and 3d Saturday
evening, each month, and every Tuesday
evening for drill. C. C. DINGER,
C. R. PRICK, Camp Commander.

MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA,
C. No. 3553, meets on the second and
fourth Tuesday nights in each month in I.
O. O. F. H. H. CHAS. ARNOLDY, V. C. C.
DINGER, Clerk.

PILOT KNOB.

IRON LODGE, No. 30, Sons of HER-
MAN, meets on the 1st and 3d Sunday of
each month. WM. STEFFENS, President.
VAL. EPPINGER, Secretary.

BELLEVUE.

MOSATO LODGE No. 85, A. F. & A.
M., meets on Saturday night of or after the
full moon. E. M. LOGAN, W. M. R. J.
HILL, Secretary.

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Mr. Bryan's Defeat—and Triumph.

It is proper that in this moment of
apparent defeat for the Democracy
those who have joined with that party
in pressing certain issues should con-
sider whether the adverse verdict of
the people is conclusive.

On the face of the returns, at this
writing, Mr. Bryan has carried twenty-
three States, with 187 electoral votes.
Major McKinley seems to have won in
twenty-one States, which give 257 elec-
toral votes. There is reason to doubt
the accuracy of the returns in some of
the McKinley States, but little reason
to believe that the apparent result will
be changed. In all probability Mr.
McKinley has been elected.

As a result of this victory, the Re-
publican newspapers, and those worse
than Republican newspapers which
supported the Palmer and Buckner
ticket, have already set up the cry that
the Democratic party is demoralized,
that its declaration for free silver and
for the liberties of the individual has
wrecked it. Those recreant Demo-
crats who followed the two cheap sol-
diers of fortune, Palmer and Buckner,
are talking about "reorganizing" the
party in accordance with their views
and for their own profit. Their argu-
ment is easy. Democracy is defeated
this year, they say, therefore Demo-
cracy must adopt a new creed; must
adopt, in short, the creed of the party
which won.

Now the fact is that the results of
this election should encourage, not de-
press, the man who believes in the
doctrines set forth in the Chicago
platform. Our defeat has the quali-
ties of a victory.

Let us consider the facts dispassion-
ately. Let us analyze causes and re-
sults without partisanship. Major
McKinley seems to be elected, and
nothing said or written now will inter-
fere with his accession to what Grover
Cleveland has made a throne.

Accept the returns last night as cor-
rect—though there is grave doubt of
their correctness. Mr. Bryan gets 187
electoral votes against McKinley's 257.
But in 1892 Cleveland got 277 elector-
al votes to Harrison's 145. Cleveland
beat Harrison by 132 electoral votes,
but nobody thought the Republican
party was dead—and, unhappily, it
seems very much alive to-day. Mc-
Kinley may have beaten Bryan by 70
electoral votes—though probably the
figure will be reduced. Does that
mean the death of the "New Demo-
cracy"? Is it a "landslide"? Is it the
end of the effort in behalf of the com-
mon people, for which Bryan, above
all others, stands?

Go back further. In 1888 Benjamin
Harrison was elected President of the
United States. In the electoral Col-
lege his majority was 65—or within
one or two votes of Major McKinley's
apparent majority this year. But in
two years the people repudiated Har-
rison by electing a Congress hostile to
him, and in four years they turned
him and his party out of office.

Out of the record of the past the
people may draw encouragement for
the present. Mr. Bryan's defeat is
not defeat for his principles, perhaps
not even permanent defeat for himself.
He and his party accepted a situation
in June last which seemed absolutely
to compel defeat. Democracy had
been discredited, demoralized, assas-
inated by Grover Cleveland. To put
a ticket in the field seemed ridiculous.
But with a really Democratic platform,
with frank and outspoken repudiation
of Clevelandism, the party has made
inroads on Republican strongholds and
approached very near to victory.

Against Mr. Bryan this year every
agency of capitalism and cupidity was
arrayed. For his overthrow the most
enormous campaign fund known to
American politics was expended, while
in his behalf pennies were available
where his foes had dollars. Against
him the sinister agencies of corruption,
coercion and intimidation were cruelly
employed. Yet, despite all, he has
made a better showing at the polls
than Harrison in 1892, and as good as
elected in 1888.

The Democratic party has every
reason to be proud of the issue of this
campaign, and every possible reason
to adhere for the next four years to the
principles which have made so credit-
able an outcome possible.—New York
Journal.

As to the Bolters.

The bolting Democrats, so-called,
are now celebrating the Republican
victory. One of their offensive "pleas-
anties" is to invite Democrats to come
"home."

"Home," with these people, means
the Republican party. Having adopt-
ed its principles and supported its
nominees they have no other home to
which to invite anybody. A party
dominated by greed, and permeated

by fraud and false pretense is not a
tempting host, even if it had a "home,"
but to wander in darkness, seeking re-
fuge wherever it may be found, and
subsisting on the crumbs which fall
from the Republican table, is a hospi-
tality which no self-respecting Demo-
crat will consider.

The old guard of the Democratic
party neither dies nor surrenders. It
is not orphaned, homeless, nor discon-
solate because a few blighted burrs
have been shaken from the manes of
its war horses. It has survived many
worse things.

The Democratic party needs no ad-
vice; renders no homage; asks no fa-
vors. It makes no apology to those
who turned and stabbed it in the hour
of its need. Without their support
Democracy won the greatest victory
achieved in Jackson county for years.
With them arrayed in full opposition
it has won the greatest victory in this
State in a quarter of a century.

Under the management of the men
who now desert it, men who have fat-
tened and grown rich on spoils won by
the splendid devotion of those who
fought in the ranks, Democracy was
betrayed and driven from the field on-
ly two short years ago. They had so
betrayed its principles and dragged its
proud banner in the filth and mire of
political prostitution that sixty days
before the Chicago convention this
grand old party of Jefferson, Jackson
and Tilden, was the laughing stock of
the country. So hopeless were its fortu-
nes, so "besmirched" its good name, so
cowardly and sycophantic had been its
recent history that no man ever aspired
to its leadership.

But what a transformation! What
a regeneration. It came forth from
that crucial test, purged and purified,
on the side of struggling humanity,
and again taking the place it occupied
in the older, better days of its history,
Democracy again flung its flag to the
breeze, and under the matchless lead-
ership of Bryan has won a name and
a place among the great political forces
of the world. To-day it stands in
State and nation, full panoplied and
in better condition to do battle for the
cause of the oppressed than ever be-
fore.

The two fundamental doctrines of
the party, bimetallicism, and equal
rights to all with special privileges to
none will remain, as in the past, the
doctrine of the future. Those who loy-
ally believe in these doctrines should
return, but henceforth it will recog-
nize as friends only those who, in the
fierce conflict of battle, are willing to
stand to their guns. It has no hon-
eyed words nor fatted calf for those
who muster under an alien flag; for
those who strike her down in the hour
of conflict.—K. C. Times.

The Serpents of Java.

A correspondent of the Illustrated
Family Newspaper relates the follow-
ing regarding the venomous snakes in
Java:

The Imbo sugar estate in Java com-
prises over 12,000 acres, about one-
third of which is in cane. This is one
of the most densely wooded parts of
Java, and the bush is like a wall, im-
penetrable even to many wild animals.
But snakes flourish, and there are no
less than ten varieties that are deadly
poisonous. Eight of the coolies em-
ployed on this estate have died inside
of four months from snake bites. The
chain viper is most dreaded, as it will
not get out of one's way, and when
trodden on by the barefooted natives
strikes fatally. Twelve miles away is
the ruined city of Choru, a wilderness
of temples built of stone, cut in de-
signs as fine as lacework. On the
north side of these buildings are long
arched passages, and here wild animals
resort to get out of the intolerable heat.
Leading from these avenues are hun-
dreds of small chambers having no
windows. In these lurk more snakes
than can be found anywhere else in
the island.

It is not surprising that the eastern
nations look upon Englishmen as luna-
tics, they do so many foolish things
from no apparent motives save to risk
their lives. Two years ago an English
naval lieutenant was here visiting a
neighboring planter, and his peculiar
craze was making a collection of Javan
reptiles. His only attendant was an
English sailor lad about sixteen, and
these two, against all warning, went
roaming around the forests without a
guide. In Choru, the ruined city, the
lieutenant found a rich harvest, and
killed a magnificent black jaguar, but
an adventure with a snake ended his
sport. One day he and the boy were
under one of the long archways of the
big temple, and looking through the
doorway of one of the dark chambers,
saw something yellow in the far cor-
ner. Without a moment's thought he
entered and gave the mass a punch
with his cane. A tremendous hiss

that fairly shook the walls was fol-
lowed by an assault swift as the leap
of a tiger, and the man found himself
seized by a huge Darl snake, the most
aggressive and dangerous of our con-
strictors. His left shoulder was
crushed in the brute's teeth, and quick
as a flash a coil was around his body,
and he felt the steel-like compression.

But the grit of the boy saved his
master's life. He had a heavy, sharp
wood knife, and he struck the reptile
two heavy blows just back of the head,
the most vulnerable part of its body,
because the thickest. Its backbone
was divided. The coil relaxed, but
the powerful tail lashed out, breaking
the boy's leg. It was two hours be-
fore they were found and brought up
in a cart. The lieutenant's left shoulder
was crushed beyond surgery, and the
arm was useless. Both master and
boy recovered after a spell of fever.
I saw the snake, a hideous object,
black and yellow, and fifteen feet long.
Such a brute would crush a horse.

Gunning one day near the Wasli
River in the interior of the island, I
watched a number of wild hogs com-
ing to the water to drink. Suddenly
the head of a snake rose above the
grass and a hog squealed. A python
had seized a full grown one, easily
three feet high at the shoulder, and
thrown two coils around the body.
Under the tremendous pressure the
hog seemed to lengthen, and when the
snake uncoiled I saw only a strip of
meat, nothing distinguishable but the
head. I shot the snake. It was
twelve feet long and ever seven inches
through, and yet its coils had crushed
the bones of its prey like chips. There
is no doubt that hidden away in vast
swamps of the interior are many an-
acondas of enormous size. Parties
have been made up to hunt them, but
the malarious climate drives them
back. In the museum at Batavia is
the skin of a serpent that must have
been fifty feet long when living. Such
a brute would kill a man as easily as
it would a rabbit.—Scientific American.

The Modest Deserter.

The great work of reorganizing the
Democratic party and providing for its
future is being gratefully undertaken
with energy and enthusiasm by gen-
tlemen whose conspicuous and only
claim to fitness for the weighty task
is the success of their treason to the
party for which they now modestly as-
sume to speak. Solicitude for the fu-
ture of Democracy by gentlemen who
are still a-tremble with joyous excite-
ment over a Republican victory is a
new phenomenon in American politics,
and one for which everybody with a
sense of humor feels grateful.

The Republican Democrats, though
they may not accomplish much in the
way of blazing a path for the footsteps
of the party into which they have
driven their knives, are certain to
prepare for themselves a surprise that
will prove stunning. In their deser-
tion of the regular nominees of the
regular National Convention they were
accompanied by a great many news-
papers. These latter are capable of
lifting a loud and imposing voice, and
it will not be long ere they have ap-
parently convinced themselves that
there are very few Democrats left in
the country except those who have re-
ceived the warm and well-earned
thanks of Major McKinley. They will
also try to convince themselves, and
seek to convince their readers, that
deserters alone are entitled to com-
mand the army. All who have stood
faithfully by the colors and so nearly
carried the day will be described as
"disturbers," "free-silver lunatics,"
"free rioters" and "anarchists." The
dream of leadership will last till about
the Spring of 1900, perhaps, when the
shocking discovery will be made by
the deserters that the millions of citi-
zens who compose the Democratic party
have memories, common sense and
the capacity to think for themselves.
When the next National Convention
meets it will be a convention of Demo-
crats, and as such will declare the pol-
icy of the party without reference to
the orders or wishes of the persons
who brought about this year's defeat.

The Democratic party requires no
reorganizing. It is a very large, ar-
dent and resolute body of Americans
possessing principles and favoring pol-
icies which insure it all the organiza-
tion it may stand in need of. The
anxiety of Mr. McKinley's friends to
volunteer as commissioned officers of
the party and lead it away from Demo-
cratic to Republican ground is
kind and disinterested, of course, but
their valuable services will not be ac-
cepted. They themselves are where
they belong, but there is no conceiv-
able reason why any genuine Democrat
should wish to join them.

A man can't be a Republican and a
Democrat too at the same time. We
commend the obvious truth to that
portion of the Republican party which
is pushing itself to the front and asking
that the Democratic party surrender
itself to their ensanguined hands.—
New York Journal.

JOB WORK

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HUMOROUS.

"Gentlemen," said the orator, "this
crisis will soon be at an end." "Thank
heaven," murmured an auditor; "he's
going to stop talking."—Philadelphia
North American.

"Say, Tompkins, what did Brown
die of?" "Well, he was fishing, and the
ground gave way under him. I think—"
"Oh, sort—er—bank failure, I suppose!"
—Boston Globe.

Teacher—"Anything is called trans-
parent that can be seen through. What
scholar can give an example?" Bobby
—"De hole in de fence round de baseball
park."—Norristown Herald.

Mrs. Teller—"My husband has a
wonderful memory." Mrs. Askins—
"Indeed?" Mrs. Teller—"Oh, yes, he
never forgets to forget what I tell
him to bring home."—N. Y. World.

Urban—"Say, Sub, what did you raise
out here last summer?" Suburban—
"Chickens." Urban—"Chickens? I
didn't know there was any money in
chickens." Suburban—"Well, there
ought to be. I put \$800 in chickens rais-
ing last summer."—Harper's Bazar.

Young Madewun—"My dear, I can
truthfully say that your promises are
like your piecrust." Mrs. Madewun—
"Why, Charlie?" Young Madewun—
"Because, my sweet, it isn't short and
light and is easily broken."—Philadel-
phia North American.

"You say that women have been the
cause of your committing this atrocious
murder?" The culprit inclined his
head. "Yes," he answered, "such is in-
deed the fact. Your honest, your good
dead pleasant woman make it for atroc-
ious murderers."—Detroit Tribune.

ENGLAND'S NAVAL WEAKNESS.

Her Ships of War Not as Powerful as Many
Suppose Them to Be.

The numerical inferiority of the
British fleet of battleships to the forces
of France and Russia becomes more
serious when we consider the course of
a possible war between England on the
one side and the allies on the other.
Let us consider the result of Franco-
Russian intervention did we send our
fleet up the Dardanelles. Our Mediter-
anean fleet, with its 12 battleships
more or less damaged, would be trapped
in the sea of Marmora, with the Rus-
sian Black sea fleet, five or six battle-
ships strong, waiting for it in the Black
sea, fresh, undamaged, with magazines
and bunkers full. The works in the
Bosphorus would prevent the further
advance of our ships while they would
cover the attacks of the Russian torpe-
do flotilla, which swarms in the Black
sea.

In the Mediterranean the Toulon fleet
would at once put to sea, effect a junc-
tion with the North sea (France) squad-
ron and attack our channel fleet with
some 20 ships. As repeated experience
has shown that it takes days for us to
mobilize, we should not have been able
in the meantime largely to reinforce
our fleet, and therefore our channel
ships must either run or be beaten. In
either case, with the arrival of the
Baltic fleet to complete our ruin, we
lose the command of the channel. The
aim of Napoleon 90 years ago is ac-
complished and this country is open
not to thousands, but to hundreds of
thousands of invaders. The heart of
the empire would be pierced, the palsy
of death would come upon the empire
itself, and in a holocaust of blood and
fire the country which has stood up
for freedom and civilization would fall
forever.

Those who are demanding violent
measures have not counted the cost.
Great are the privileges of the press;
splendid is the work which it has done
for freedom and humanity; honorable
are its traditions in England. But ter-
rible is its responsibility when it pre-
sumes to urge a nation to war against
the will of the nation's chosen states-
men. To these alone belongs the right
to draw the sword and to send their
countrymen to the slaughter. They
know all; they move behind the scenes
and execute their will. They are not
cruel by nature, nor are they vowed
to a policy of inhumanity, but they
feel the risks and do not, in Bismarck's
words, "meddle with the calling of
Nemesis or aspire to exercise the
Divine Judge's office." They, not the
irresponsible press, must decide the is-
sue.—London Mail.

From Linn's Suits to Overcoats.

"A person who has never made the
trip from Port Linn to San Jose, Costa
Rica," said Engineer Mapo, of the B. D.
Wood, the other evening, "cannot even
form an estimate of the wonderful
beauty of the journey, save by a com-
parison with the ascent of the 'Great
Divide' in Colorado. When I was in Cen-
tral America, a few years ago I accom-
panied the constructing engineer of the
Nicaragua canal, who happened to be
in Port Linn at the same time, over
the line, and although I was foolish
enough to make the trip in a suit of
summer flannels I enjoyed it hugely.
The railroad to San Jose is only about
120 miles in length, but the steep
grades,